THE TURRET

OCTOBER·1917

PUBLISHED BY
THE CHILDREN OF
MISS TOWER'S SCHOOL
SALEM·MASSACHUSETTS

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THE TURRET

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EDITORIAL

This is the first number of "The Turret" and I want it to be a nice lively magazine with stories in it. It is to be a surprise for Miss Tower. As we only had a week to write it in, it will be shorter than usual. I hope that you will help to make it nice. I and all the other editors are trying with all our might.

MARION UPTON, Age 10.

MY FIRST FISH

We were having a great time out in the motorboat. It was my birthday.

I thought I would like to fish, and as there were a few fishing lines on the boat I asked Father if I could fish. He said I could when we got out a little farther.

After a while Father said, "Mary, do you want to fish?"

"Yes!" I exclaimed excitedly.

"All right," Father answered.

Oh, it seemed so long before I caught a thing!

At last I felt a jerk on my line. "Father," I cried, "there's something pulling on my line!"

"Pull it up," said Father, "pull it up!"

As soon as I pulled it up the fish was gone, but the bait was gone.

Father put some more on and I began to fish again. After I had fished a little while longer I felt another jerk. I did not get so excited this time and I quickly pulled it up, and what do you suppose was on the end of it? A big perch!

"Good for you!" said Father.

I fished a little while longer, but soon I got tired.

It was getting late, so we had to go home.

The next morning we had fish for breakfast. "Oh Mother," I said, "where did you get that fish! It's awfully good."

"Why, Mary, it is the fish you caught yesterday!" said Mother.

KATHERINE SANDERS, Age 9.

A HALLOWE'EN STORY

Once there was a little boy named John. He loved to hear stories of ghosts. His mother told him this one.

Once upon a time far, far away lived my ghost.

One Hallowe'en my ghost went out with a lantern. I walked along intending to scare a little boy. All at once I heard foot-steps behind me. I rushed behind a bush.

"Ho, ho, thought I'd scare you," laughed a voice from the road.

I peeked out, and who do you think I saw? Why old brother Giant! I came out from where I had been hiding.

"Come on for a walk. We may meet a boy, and can scare him," said the giant.

"All right," I answered, and started to walk along, when ahead of us, coming right along, was a little boy.

Of course we jumped behind some bushes.

The little boy whistled as he came along. We let him get quite a way ahead of us before we jumped out of the bushes. Then we crept up behind the boy, and I let out a mournful sound.

The boy turned around instantly, and when he saw us he cried out, "A ghost! A giant!" and ran home crying.

"You fixed him," laughed the Giant.

"I generally do fix them on Hallowe'en night."

"Good night," said brother Giant.

"Good night," said I, and then we went home.

DELANO M. KENNARD, Age 10.

HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

Hallowe'en night when I go out,
I look all around and then about
And finally I see a house
And creep up quiet as a mouse.
I put my pumpkin on the ground,
Then, looking all around,
I ring the door bell with a jerk.
I pull so hard my fingers hurt,
And then away I run—
For to be caught is not such fun.

RUTH ROPES, Age 9.

THE MONKEY AND THE BEST DRESS

A monkey had an egg and he did not know what to do with it. He did not want to eat it. That minute he saw his mistress's wedding dress. He was mad because he did not like the color of it and so he threw the egg at it.

BILLY NORTHEY, Age 7.

MY DEAR SQUIRREL

Once upon a time I was going into the pastures when I saw a poor little baby squirrel trying to get down a tree, and he couldn't. There was a seat around the tree, so I got up on that and called him nicely, but he could not get down, so I went on.

In the afternoon I went into the barn, because it was raining. There was the little squirrel in a red box with some hay in it. The farmer said he would make a cage for him out of an old box and put some hay in it, and that he did. I kept the squirrel for two weeks but then he died. I felt very, very sad indeed. The farmer made a grave for him.

SALLY PARKER, Age 9.

A KIND DEED

Once upon a time, a great big team loaded with bricks got stuck in the mud, just a few rods away from where they were to be dumped, so the driver took a big iron rod and began to beat the poor horse. My cousin and I were just going by when this happened. There was a policeman going by, and he said to the driver, "Stop! Stop! haven't you any feelings?"

So the driver stopped and dumped the bricks right where they were, and rode away.

VIRGINIA ENOS, Age 9.

RIDDLE

Travels, travels, then its smelted,
Travels, travels, then its belted;
Then it's fired into a German's head,—
Then the German falls down dead.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, Age 9.

AN AUTOMOBILE RIDE

One day I was going to Boston in our auto with my mother and father. It was raining very hard and the driving was very slippery, so we had to drive slowly.

We were on the western division bridge when a big limousine came up the hill very fast, taking up the whole of the road. My father, in trying to avoid the limousine, slewed into an auto stopped in front of us. The other auto was not hurt, but our fender was broken, so we had to have a new one.

The limousine did not stop, and I'm glad they didn't or I would have given them a piece of my mind.

DELANO KENNARD, Age 10.

SUMMER BELLS

The summer bells ringing,
The bluebird a' singing,
Make me feel so happy and gay,
I feel as if, as if I should live forever and a day!

I feel so happy this new summer day,
As I hear the summer bells ringing and the roses swinging.
The leaves on the trees are rustling away
In the gentle breeze, this new summer day.

Oh, see those white things floating,
On the beautiful dark blue ocean;
I think I have a little notion
That I would like to be a sailor and sail on that beautiful ocean.

MARION UPTON, Age 10.

THE MONKEY AND THE MIRROR

The monkey's name is Jack. Once he jumped on the bureau and saw himself in the glass. He was so mad that he smashed the glass, and hurt himself and cried, and he couldn't find the other monkey, so he cried some more.

REBECCA B. BENSON, Age 7.

THE SCHOOL MOTTO—BY GRADE II

Age 6.

Our school motto is: "I'll help you and you'll help me and then what a beautiful school there'll be," and I think the best way that I can help is to think of the school motto.

BILLY MUNROE

I think it means to sit straight in school all the morning, and when the bell rings, go right to your seat and fold your hands.

ELINOR HARRIS

It means to help one another.

HAMILTON BROWN

I think the best way to help is to do work that Miss Tower gives right off without talking.

MARY IVES

It means if anyone should come into the room, let them see you working quietly.

MARIE MERRILL

I think it means not marking on desks.

EBEN JEWETT

A CAMPING PARTY

One hot October day we set off for a week in the woods. It was in the dry season. The leaves and brush were very dry.

We chose a spot for the camp and put up our tents. The boys filled the wood box and lighted a small fire. As it was so dry we had to build the fire on a large rock a little way off. Lunch passed with all the good things you could think of. That afternoon we put the finishing touches to the camp and went to bed feeling very happy.

About ten o'clock next morning four rough-looking boys passed, smoking cigarettes. As they passed, one of them said, "Look at those goodie goodies out with their Sunday school teachers." A few minutes later Stephen and Jack came up to the camp breathless. "Those boys we saw threw their cigarettes away and the woods have caught! See! there is the smoke!" Sure enough,—a thin thread of smoke was beginning to rise over the bushes. Miss Forbes knew where there was a stream with a small point of land jutting out into the stream. The tents and other things were torn up and thrown into the peaceful stream which had no current. The forest rangers were called and up to the time they came we all helped to put out the fire. There was very little damage done. So ended the week in camp.

MARION UPTON, Age 10.

A GOOD DEED

One morning as I was on my way to take my music lesson I saw a horse struggling to get up a hill. The driver was urging the horse on. I said, "Mister, couldn't you get off that cart, and make it easier for that horse?"

Sheepishly he got off his cart.

RICHARD THOMPSON, Age 9.

THE MONKEY'S PICTURE

Once a monkey jumped up on a mirror and saw himself. He was very mad, for he thought it was another monkey. He broke the mirror. His mistress was very mad.

KING UPTON, Age 7.

HALLOWE'EN

Every night on Hallowe'en
  When I go out with pumpkins round,
Cut with eyes and nose and mouth,
  I think mine's the scariest found.

Then as soon as I'm in bed,
  I go to sleep and see, it seems
Ghosts and broomsticks, witches too,—
  I'll not forget those awful dreams.

KATHARINE SANDERS, Age 9.

SCHOOL NEWS

The whole school filled good cheer bags for the soldiers. We had four bags filled and we made six in all. And they were very full. We put in trench mirrors and tooth paste, tobacco and pencils, and lots and lots of things. We wrapped the bundles up in white paper and pretty red and green ribbon.

MARGARET IVES, Age 8.

In school we are making an afghan and I made six squares for it. One of them is red and another one is purple. Another one is pink and yellow. There are twenty-five squares in all. Almost everybody is working for it. I have a box at home and I clip in it when I want to. It is almost full.

ELLEN QUINCY, Age 8.

We are making pillows out of clippings. They are for the soldiers. I like to clip. The whole first class is clipping too. Every grade is clipping. We do it during rainy recesses.

BETTY MOULTON, Age 8.

The fourth grade beat the fifth and sixth grades in spelling. The score was 20 to 8. This week we are racing again. I am glad I am in the fourth because we beat. The fifth and sixth are sorry. This is a surprise for Miss Tower.

OCTAVIA PEIRSON, Age 8.

There is a French teacher who comes every Tuesday and Thursday. I think it's harder than spelling. We sing French. That's what I like.

JANICE VAUGHAN, Age 7.

At recess we play games and play on the ladder that is in the garden. On rainy days we stay in school. We knit and we clip.

KATHARINE KELSEY, Age 8.

I was eight years old on my birthday, October 18, 1917.

ELINOR MAHONEY.

The third grade is painting. We painted a French flag, and we painted some flowers.

BARBARA COBURN, Age 7.

Miss Hale came Thursday. We are very sorry that Miss Webster is not coming again this year. But I know we will like Miss Hale. She is very nice. She taught us a new game.

The third grade had a play last Friday in morning circle. The name of the play was "Grand Tusk and Nimble." Billy Shreve was Dark Sage, Billy Northey was Grand Tusk, King was Nimble, and Rebecca was the Mango tree.

RUTH ROPES.

THE FOURTH GRADE PLAY

This morning Miss Tower said, "I think the fourth grade have something for us," so the fourth grade had a singing play. Katherine Kelsey and Janice were birds and hopped and flew while the others sang.

RICHARD.

This year we have a new teacher in French, whose name is Mme. Burel. We have learned the alphabet and the names of the fingers and the parts of the body. Then we learned the names of the months which sound similar to those of ours. We have learned the days of the week also. Then we have new French books too.

VIRGINIA.

JOKES

THE DANGAROOS

Once a little boy went to the circus. When he came home his mother asked him which animal he liked the best. He said he liked the dangaroos the best. His mother said he means the kangaroos. He said "no," so his mother took him to the circus again. She looked at the lion's cage, and there was a sign on it which said, "These animals are dangerous."

SALLY PARKER, Age 9.

In French we were learning the days of the week and when we got to mercredi, I said it was like an old cook's name, Mary Cody. And that was the joke. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

BENJAMIN SHREVE, Age 9.